

# Comin' Home

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*A soldier returns home to her lover*

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# 1 - Comin' Home

*Author's Note: I wrote this on a whim. A little bit of an experiment, but also a story for a good friend of mine. It is part of a larger world that exists in my head, but I'm unsure at this moment if I'll ever commit to writing that seeing as I still have Dominion's Chain, and Blood Knight chapters to write. Regardless, I hope you dear reader, enjoy this.*

The sun was setting, casting a warm orange glow across the horizon. Dark blue chased fading pastels across the sky. It was the brightest she'd seen the heavens in close to a year. Gravel crunched and shifted under the black leather of her tightly laced boots as she walked up the driveway with weary legs. The weapons she carried hung heavily upon her as she paused at the steps leading up to the front porch of the house before her.

Lights inside had been turned on, casting a friendly shine upon the planks upon the porch. New plants she didn't recognize hung on thin wires on either side of the steps, violet flowers blooming as the months of summer fell upon the world. With callused fingers exposed by the leather gloves she wore, she gingerly felt the petals just before her. She had not seen anything so gorgeous in so long she almost forgot what the word meant.

Flakes of crusted blood crumbled onto the flower, and she jerked her hand back, fearing she had damaged its beauty.

Starting the climb to the porch, she was not greeted with the usual shifting of loose boards. Firm, and freshly varnished they easily took her weight, despite the mud that she tracked across them towards the welcome mat before the front door. The dark brown rug had faded to a much lighter colour, and the black lettering was a bright gray.

A deep breath flowed out through her lips as her boots settled upon that mat. Her hand reached out, hovering just above the doorknob. Fingers curled and uncurled for a few moments as she stood there in a daze. Finally she lifted her arm and rapped her knuckles against the door before her, wondering why those floral patterned windows weren't there anymore.

For a few moments she stood there, each second stretching out until it felt like an eternity. Then the door opened, and Samantha was standing there. Two women stared at each other across the threshold of their home.

"Kris," the name fell from such soft lips that Kris had never thought she would feel again. Her hand reached out, slender fingers sliding across Kris's cheek. A soft touch that ghosted from beside her eyes to the corner of her mouth. Nothing was said of how her eyes had darkened into a deep purple, or of the streaks of gray that ran through her hair.

"I thought I was dreaming," Kris said, and suddenly felt her lips enveloped in a passionate kiss, arms

wrapping around the tactical vest and armour that clung to her body, hiding all that scars she had earned since her feet had last walked over that welcome mat.

Slowly, her arms curled around her lover, leather clad palms brushing against a blue cotton shirt, feeling the perfect skin it slid against. Wetness ran down her cheek, and Kris couldn't be sure whose eyes it was running from, even as she felt a slightly nervous probe of Sam's tongue upon her lips. She opened her mouth to it, welcoming it. Kris felt her fingers tightening on the back of Sam's shirt, pulling her tighter against her body, the harsh metal of the assault rifle dangling from her chest pressing hard into her.

A sound of pain flowed into the kiss, and Kris broke it, head turned and bowed in shame. Fingers slid under her chin. Kris followed the gentle pull to look once more into Sam's gentle brown eyes.

"I'll run a bath," she said with a smile, moving into the house, fingers sliding off from Kris's chin as she began to make her way up the stairs.

For a few heartbeats she stood there just watching her, before stepping through the door and gently closing it behind her. She untied the laces of her boots, trying to ignore the blood stained into the leather on the left, and pulled them off. She turned to the right to set them down only to find the shoe rack was on the left.

Her memories had been filled with the scent of lilac and subtle citrus. Now, as she ascended up the stairs, she noticed sandalwood and pine curling together. She walked past the bathroom, where water was rushing into the large tub they had splurged upon years past, and into the bedroom. The first thing she did was peel off her socks, her eyes fluttering as now bare toes curled in the carpeting.

She reached up to the snap at her chest, keeping the slung rifle upon her chest. With a quiet click, she felt it come free, and moved to the safe in the closet, locking the weapon away. Her hand fell to her thigh, grasping the grip of her pistol. Pulling it free she locked it in place in the safe. Next she unbuckled the belt that ran from one shoulder to the opposite hip. The sheathed sword came free, and Kris stared at it for a moment, thumb running over the half round pommel, before placing it next to her rifle.

Unzipping her vest, she slipped it upon a hanger in the safe, feeling the weight of ammunition and her battlefield supplies lifting off her shoulders, before she grasped at the straps of her armour. The velcro released with a loud rip, and she lifted it over her head.

She felt almost like she could fly, feeling that weight come off for what would hopefully be the last time. Even as she carefully draped the kevlar and steel into place, she knew that some day it would have to come out again. She locked the safe swiftly, before walking barefoot towards the bathroom.

Sam was testing the waters with a hand, even as steam rose up from the rippling surface. She looked up as the soldier entered and stood, that warm smile on her features again. Kris grasp the bottom of her t-shirt, but Sam put a palm upon her hands, stopping the motion before it occurred.

Eyes running over the stains of black bad, and crimson blood that spattered the shirt, before her eyes snapped upwards again. There was sorrow there, and Kris was tempted to look away rather than see that.

"I'm not afraid of you," the words were barely a whisper as Sam's fingers slid beneath the hem of the shirt and began to lift. Her knuckles ran up the skin pulled over hard muscle, following dark blue curling and branch lines that ran from Kris's left hip up to the edge of her ribs. Lifting her arms upwards, felt that soft touch follow the same designs over her right shoulder, and the opposite forearm. Then the shirt was gone, and Kris let her arms drop back to her sides, just as Sam's fingers trailed down her shoulder blades, and found the catches of her bra, unsnapping them with ease, and pulling the straps from Kris's shoulders, nails gentle against the skin right to the tips of her fingers as her breasts were exposed to the steamy air.

"Beautiful as ever."

Sam's lips pressed to her lover's shoulder, then began a slow, moist journey downwards until they reached where the hip dipped in towards the groin, and those slender fingers began to undo the pants that concealed the rest of the woman.

Kris closed her eyes, savouring the soft attention, even as she felt her pants and boxers both slide down from her hips, along her thighs, before making a puddle of fabric upon the ground.

"Now get in," Sam said, standing again, kissing Kris's shoulder softly as she stepped forward, and gently climbed into the hot waters.

A sigh escaped as the waters climbed up from her toes. The heat seeped into her flesh, her muscles almost seeming to let out a sigh of their own as the heat spread through her, until finally the surface was lapping at her neck. Taking a breath she dunked her head underneath for a moment before emerging, hair plastered to her skull, the tips floating around her. Sam smiled, taking a cloth and rubbing soap upon it.

She was smiling again, even as she crouched behind the tub, one hand softly running through Kris's hair, the other running the cloth along her skin. No words between them, only the soft lap of water as Sam washed her lover, who leaned her head back and closed her eyes.

Time stretched out, the sky outside turning to full black as the cloth ran ever downwards, over the swell of her breasts, underneath those soft curves, and along her sides, her stomach. Each part of her body, and then over again. The heat was slowly fading from the water, but it spread again through Kris's limbs as Sam's fingers slid between her thighs, and the cloth floated forgotten to the surface.

A soft groan broke the silence, as skilled fingers found familiar folds, gently running over them, as lips caressed the soldier's ear. Lips turned to teeth as fingers pushed inwards, Kris's hips rising to meet them, the groan turning to a full moan.

Sam kissed along her lover's jaw, teasing and tasting, while her fingers plunged and curled, feeling the heat of Kris's depths. Feeling the slickness around her digits she'd missed on so many lonely nights.

Without pulling off her clothes, Sam's lips found Kris's once again. Their eyes closed as fingers thrust inwards, feeling hips pushing back to meet each push. Then she climbed into the tub, clothes sticking to every curve of her body as breasts pushed together. Water spilled over the rim, splashing on the floor, and went ignored by both women as their lips parted and tongues danced together.

Their bodies moved as one, Kris's hand moving up Sam's back, pushing up her shirt, feeling the curve of her lower back beneath her hands. Her moans grew more intense, despite being muffled by Sam's mouth. Her grasp intensified on her lover's back, pulling her tight.

Sam curled her thumb upwards, and pressed it against Kris's clit. With each pass of their tongues, that thumb pushed harder, making Kris's legs start to twist in the tub, splashing more water upon the floor. Nails raked down Sam's back, and she let a moan of her own spill into Kris's mouth. Those nails slid downwards, running over the belt around Sam's waist, and grasping firmly at her rear, squeezing tight as the thumb began to twist and push, fingers unrelenting within Kris's core.

Sam broke the kiss, breathing heavily, hair falling onto Kris's neck as the soldier leaned her head back, her own locks spilling down the side of the tub, dripping onto the floor. A loud moan burst from her lips, filling the room as the herald of her peak, her body going tight for a moment as Sam watched her lover's face twist with pleasure. She listened to the sound of bliss, each note a masterpiece to her.

When the long cry finally subsided, Kris grasped Sam in a tight embrace, kissing her again. Sam's fingers slipped from within her lover, trailing beneath what water remained in the now cool tub along the slight curve of her sides.

"Welcome home love." Sam whispered.

Kris's fingers slid through Sam's hair, pushing wet locks from her face. And smiled.